

## A Suggestive Argument in Favor of PREPAREDNESS

The present session of congress will be the most important in its scope since the civil war.

Millions will be appropriated for defense. The traditional policies of the government will probably be revolutionized.

### The Army and Navy

will have more money at their disposal during the next few years than ever before during time of peace. Our diplomatic relations with some of the countries at war may be suspended at any time. War may possibly follow such action on our part.

### Peace May Be Declared

during the new year between the countries now at war, and it is assumed that the United States will become the chief arbitrator, if it is able to remain neutral until such time.

### Mexico

is in a reconstructive period and continues to make history of the most pitiful type.

### The National Conventions Will Be Held in June

This is presidential year. President Wilson will probably be endorsed again by the Democrats and be renominated. Who the Republican candidate will be is yet a matter of speculation. These are only a few of the big things the leading newspapers of the country will tell about. In the meantime all the news of interest to the home and to women and children is not to be neglected.

### Everybody Should Be Prepared

to keep posted on these all-important events and no American citizen should remain in ignorance of what is going on.

## The Indianapolis News

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GRACE VALENTINE WHO IS FEATURED WITH GRACE ELLISTON, THE STAR IN THE FIVE PART ROLFE METRO PICTURE "BLACK FEAR"

Despite her successful career on the speaking stage Grace Valentine, the charming young actress, was frightened half to death when she appeared in the first scenes in "Black Fear," the five-part Rolfe-Metro production, in which she is featured with Grace Elliston and Edward Brennan. She said the fear, which was similar to stay-fright, was prompted because she knew the camera was heartless and she was afraid of failure.

Heretofore, Miss Valentine has been widely known for her pluck and nerve. In Los Angeles, where she appeared with the Oliver Morosco stock company, one of her daily pastimes was to take a flight in an aeroplane with a daring aviator. She appeared in "Help Wanted," and was understudy to Irene Fenwick in "The Song of Songs," and was featured with Frank McIntyre in "Brother Masons."

## The Candle Test

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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Josh and I were fellow laborers working for Farmer Bathgate. We went to him when the crops were ready to be taken in, and he liked us so well that when the harvest was over he concluded to keep us for every day work during the winter. In the summer Ruth Bathgate, his daughter, used to bring us out cool drinks, and we two young men soon became anxious for some sign of preference—no that either of us had any intention toward her; it was just an ordinary rivalry. But Ruth was mighty particular not to make the slightest difference between us.

When the autumn came on, the fodder was in shock, the weather getting cold, and the logs were blazing on the hearth, the farmer and his family and Josh and I used to sit around the blaze, talking and telling yarns. That was a happy winter for both Josh and me. We didn't either of us suspect that we were both dead gone on Ruth nor did we foresee what was to happen to break up our pleasant circle. That's the trouble with pleasant time—there's always something that makes them pleasant, and, ten to one, it's the very thing to break up the pleasure. Since it is all over I know that what made our enjoyment so keen was Ruth and it was Ruth that spoiled it all—not intentionally, for, as I said, she favored neither of us. She couldn't have kept us two fellows from gradually falling in love with her if she had wanted to.

At first Josh and I used to speak about little occurrences concerning her with perfect freedom. Then we ceased to say anything to each other that involved any relation with her, and finally we never mentioned her. A year passed, the pleasantest I have ever known, and when we'd filled the barn and there was little to do one day Josh said to me:

"There's something I want to say to you, Ben. The harvest is ended, and it doesn't seem just right for two strapping fellows like us to put Farmer Bathgate to the expense of keeping us all winter. There's enough for one to do, but not enough for two. It's my opinion he'd let one of us go, but doesn't like to decide between us. What do you say to playing a game of seven up to settle which shall get out?"

"I reckon there's something in what you say, Josh," I replied in as melancholy a tone as his. "He's treated us mighty well, and we ought to relieve him of the responsibility of sending off one of us. And you and I, too, have been square to each other. I don't exactly like your plan of playing a game to find out which shall go, for one might have more skill than the other. I think we'd better let something else than cards decide between us. Mrs. Bathgate was making candles this morning. Now, what do you say to your choosing a candle and I choosing one out of the same mold and lighting them at the same time? The one whose candle goes out first is to go."

"I think that would be a good way to settle it."

We were in our room at the time—we occupied a room together—and I was going out to get the candles when I met Ruth at the door.

"I've heard what you two have been saying," she said, "through the partition, and you're right. Father doesn't need but one extra hand this winter, but he won't send away either of you. I'll go down and get the candles and light them for you."

We were both mightily pleased to have her do this and waited patiently till she came back with the candles. "Would you choose for us?" we both said at the same moment.

"If you wish me to."

Placing a candle before each of us she scratched a match in each hand and lighted them at the same moment. Then she left the room without a glance at either of us. The candles were short and would burn out in between one and two hours. Josh and I played a good many games of seven up, occasionally glancing at the candles with apparent unconcern, but really with suppressed suspense. It was not till they had burned down to within an inch of the socket that I noticed a difference. Then I saw that my candle was burning the slower. When Josh's began to flicker there was still three-eighths of an inch of mine left. He blew it out and turned away to conceal his feelings. I expected Ruth to show enough interest in which of us was to remain, to ask before going to sleep, but she didn't. "Well," I said to myself, "it doesn't make any difference, after all, which goes first. We'll both go soon enough. She doesn't want either of us."

The next day Josh told the farmer that he thought he'd look for work in the city and left us. He had no sooner gone than Ruth began to bestow upon me little attentions. This was quite enough to induce me to show my feelings, and I met with every encouragement. In less than a month after Josh's departure I was engaged. After our engagement I told Ruth the story of how Josh and I had both secretly loved her and how we had settled by the burning candles which of us was to have a clear field. I twitted her on the fact that when lighting them she was ignorant that she was interested.

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"Not at all," she replied. "I knew that I was the object of your test and before bringing up the candles put salt on the wick of the one I intended should be yours. Salt makes a candle burn slower."

### Real Cause of Baldness.

Coming in from East Liberty on a train were two men who apparently were old acquaintances and who met in a jovial mood. Both men were quite gray, but each had a luxuriant head of hair. Near then sat a stout party with a shining dome that was almost destitute of hisute covering.

The two friends exchanged facetious remarks about silvered locks, then indulged in some pleasantries about the "thinning of the thatch," with casual references to doorknobs and billiard balls, much to the amusement of the passengers, but to the evident discomfiture of the baldheaded man.

The talk finally developed into an argument on the cause of baldness, and after considerable jocularity the pair turned to the pearly pated stranger, and one said:

"My friend and I have been discussing the cause of baldness, but we can't seem to agree. Would you mind telling us what you regard as the real cause of baldness?"

The stranger wheeled about, eyed his questioners fiercely and snorted: "Brains!"—Pittsburg Gazette.

### AN ENGLISH BLIZZARD.

It Took a Regiment of Soldiers to Clear the Roads in 1836.

There was a certain Hercules engine which cut a noble figure in the English blizzard of 1836.

To appreciate the role played by the Hercules some idea must be given of the effect of the storm on other methods of travel. Fourteen mail coaches were abandoned on as many roads. Another was dug out of drifts five times between Exeter and London.

Another was buried so deep that it took 300 men, principally sappers and miners, several hours to make a passage to the coach and rescue the mails and passengers, while near Chatham the snow lay to a depth of thirty or forty feet, the military being turned out to the number of 600 to clear the way.

In London the drifts were ten feet deep, and hundreds of men and carts were employed hauling snow out to the fields in the suburbs. The markets were in a bad way. One day only four stall holders were able to reach a main market. Greens which a few days before the storm were being sold for threepence a bunch at market now fetched from tenpence to a shilling, turnips, carrots and celery becoming equally dear, while penny handfuls of parsley realized 2s. 6d., and the happy possessor of a bunch which he had previously purchased for ninepence realized for his prize no less a sum than £1 2s. 3d.

Amid all this confusion the pioneer railways covered themselves with glory by running trains almost without interruption. There was a deep cutting on one line where the snow had drifted badly, and great numbers of people turned out to see how the Hercules engine would get along. They imagined, of course, that she would be stopped, but to their astonishment the engine dashed right into the drift, "clearing her way through apparently without the slightest difficulty, the snow at the same time flying over the top of the engine chimney like foam from the broken waves of a violent sea, and notwithstanding obstructions the train came down from Greenhead (twenty miles) in one hour and a quarter."—London Queen.

### Necessary Then.

"It ain't true," said the milkman, "that we always put chalk in our milk."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Mrs. Housekeeper, "that you never do it?"

"Well—no—never except after a heavy rain when the water gets brown and muddy."—Ohio State Journal.

### A Sure Investment.

You have never yet made an investment  
Where you didn't expect to win,  
But you sometime have found to your sorrow  
You've beautifully taken in.  
You may have laid down your good money  
For a brick which you found wasn't gold,  
Or met the Bohemian oats swindler,  
When you, with your oats, have been sold.  
If asked by a friend to play poker,  
You'd experience, no doubt quite a shock;  
Then never join hands with a fellow  
Who makes money by watering stock.  
Now if you would like an investment  
In which you can't possibly lose,  
Suppose a few dollars in one of Ed. M. Egg Fine  
Tanned Suits. Cor. 5th and Jackson Street

## Are You? A Woman?

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## The Woman's Tonic

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